



T H E  
Cobler turn'd  
Soldier.

WHEN I was a cobbler and work'd in my stall  
I then was a merry a frolicsome blade,  
So dextrous was I with my hammer and awl,  
I could now seal a shoe with the best in the trade;  
But the drums they did beat and the fifes play'd so  
sweet,

The red coat to me had such charms I confess,  
That my lap-stone and last I from me did cast,  
And went for a soldier and carry'd brown bells.

Now I'm and compleat I was order'd away,  
Along with his highness of York for to go,  
To Flanders we sail'd without any delay,  
Where many smart brushes we had with the foe;  
How the guns they did pop, how my comrades did  
dr p,

Thinks I, I've now got in a sweet pretty mess,  
But I did not complain, for I thought it in vain,  
Though I heartily wish'd I was done with  
brown bells.

I could not avoid thinking myself a great loon,  
Thus in danger to rush when had no cause to roam,  
And my heart very oft against my breast beat a tune,  
When I thought of my stall and my frolicks at home;  
But at length, do you see, there came good news  
for me,

To return to Old England, indeed 'twas no less;  
How my heart it did bound when I trod British  
ground,

'Twas in hopes that I soon should get rid of  
brown bells.

Another day our brave Colonel he call'd out our  
core,

And he said, My fine lads who for lie and will go  
Such p'aver he us'd, and of Gammon such store,  
Had it been for my life I could not have said no;  
I'm now gone to see Pat, I'm not much pleas'd at  
this,

But I sincerely wish for a peace I confess,  
For if once I got free, Oh! the devil for me,  
He may lift for a soldier and carry brown bells.